

The Inquirer.

A Journal of Liberal Religious Thought and Life.

ESTABLISHED IN 1842.]

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.]

No. 3434.
NEW SERIES, No. 538.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1908.

[ONE PENNY.]

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

LATE this year, Easter comes to us with promise of clear, sunny days. The season latterly has been cold, and that has been well for the hope of the flowers and fruit which are to be; but now it is time to look for warmer days and the richer gladness of the spring. Was it prophetic that last year at Easter we had a note announcing a Saturday evening meeting at Essex Hall to consider the question, "Shall the Drink Trade Govern England?"

THE National Unitarian Temperance Association has arranged for an evening meeting at Essex Hall, on Wednesday, the 29th inst., in support of the Licensing Bill. It is hoped that our London congregations will be fully represented on this very important occasion. The Rev. P. H. Wicksteed will preside, and among the speakers will be Mr. Fred Maddison, M.P., Mr. Timothy Davis, M.P., and Mr. John Newton, of the United Kingdom Alliance. The National Conference Social Service Union is cordially co-operating in this demonstration, and surely with good cause. There is no measure of reform so directly bearing on social elevation as the spread of temperance. We hope that a hearty response will be given to the summons of the Association, and that for once Essex Hall will be crowded at a temperance meeting.

PARLIAMENT reassembled for a brief sitting on Tuesday, but only to adjourn over Easter. The House of Commons

is to resume on Monday week, when the second reading of the Licensing Bill will be taken. As to the new Government's attitude on this subject, we may take the declaration of Mr. Churchill's address to the electors of North-West Manchester:—The Licensing Bill is a great forward heave in the temperance movement. All social reform, all commercial efficiency, wait on its success. The health of English manhood, the happiness of English homes, the virtue and ascendancy of our race and age are involved in this tremendous effort. We have been informed by the liquor trade that their organisation is so perfect, and their power so formidable, that any Government who touches their privileges and monopoly will be beaten to the ground. That is one of the things we want to find out now. I come forward to defend the Licensing Bill in its integrity. We assert the right of the State to resume possession of the monopoly value of all licences at the earliest moment compatible with fair treatment to the ordinary prudent trader or investor. To argument we will listen with attention; but we are not going to be bullied. In this country private interests should be respected, but the public interest must have right of way.

THE reconstruction of the Cabinet removes Mr. McKenna from the Education department to the Admiralty, and so, once again, the still unsettled controversy over the schools passes into the charge of a new statesman. Mr. Runciman, the member for Dewsbury, who now takes up this difficult duty, is one of the youngest of the young men in the present Government. His reputation as a debater stands high, and of his mental vigour there is no doubt. He may be trusted, we believe, to keep clearly in view the cardinal principles of the only educational policy that can be called national, as opposed to sectarian. Whatever adjustments and concessions may be made on one side or the other for the sake of a fruitful peace, there must be full public control over the schools that are maintained by public funds; and there must be full freedom from religious tests for the teachers.

THE generous gift of £500 by Mr. Hartley, a prominent Liverpool Nonconformist, to diocesan funds that may be penalised by the brewers and others in consequence of the Church's support of the Licensing Bill, is an unmistakable sign of the times. Despite the educational "hatchet," which takes a good deal of burying, there is a heartier feel-

ing of brotherhood between church and chapel to-day than can be recalled, we think, by even the oldest inhabitant. In the public demonstrations in support of the Bill, there is room for further signs of mutual confidence between clergy and ministers, and while each section properly attends to its own bit of work there should be opportunities made for the broadest fraternising. Why not a specially organised meeting of leading men in all denominations?

LAST week's *Labour Leader* affords one more proof of the manner in which the ex-Premier succeeded in winning all hearts. In a short, but warmly appreciative, notice, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is said to have possessed certain qualities of statesmanship never excelled in any British Prime Minister—amongst them, his sympathy with new ideas. The notice concludes, "He was not a propagandist nor a pioneer, but rather a homely man, who sought to act uprightly in the interests of the nation as it stood. . . And not the least testimony to his uprightness as a citizen is the fact that no statesman of our day has been the object of more bitter enmity than he in aristocratic and financial circles in society. We would be devoid of right human and socialistic feeling did we not, irrespective of all difference of politics, in this hour, when the shadow of illness is upon him, express our sympathy with him and our respect for his personal and public qualities." This testimony is the more striking when read in conjunction with the dubious welcome to Mr. Asquith which follows. The new Premier is regarded as "an inscrutable man." Certainly, as respects the quality of self-expression, these two great ministers stand far apart; but, though it will take them longer to come at, we doubt not but the Labour party will yet discover in Mr. Asquith a vigorous and determined social reformer.

THE date of the annual meeting of the Peace Society is usually determined by that of the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends. This year, however, it will be held on Monday evening, May 11, at the Friends' Meeting House, St. Martin's-lane, Charing Cross, W.C. The president, the Right Hon. Dr. Robert Spence Watson, will, it is hoped, occupy the chair, supported by Mr. G. B. Gooch, M.P., Mr. H. J. Wilson, M.P., Mrs. Louise B. Swann (Bristol), Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, M.A. (President elect of the Wesleyan Conference), Rev. Thomas Phillips, B.A. (Bloomsbury Central Mission), and others. The meeting begins at 7 p.m.

At the recent meeting of the Gloucestershire Congregational Union the Rev. D. Basil Martin is reported by the *Christian World* to have said some sane and bold things to his brother ministers on the subject of pulpit honesty. Ministers, he said, needed courage to say more distinctly and clearly what they meant. They ought not to let people suppose they held views different from those they preached. There were people who had very strong doubts about the miraculous. Some believed in some miracles and some in none. Then, why not say so? He was not greatly upset because he could not explain what divinity is, and what humanity is. Some of them were so anxious to have their chapels full, and their finances flourishing, that they wanted the minister to moderate his statements, and hold back what he believed, if it was not popular. Such people would rather do without Christ and his Gospel than without the success which came from numbers in the church.

THIS month's *Cornhill* has the first part of a most interesting record of "Mr. Gladstone at Oxford in 1890," while Mr. A. C. Benson's article "At Large" is on "Our Lack of Great Men." Mrs. Barnett writes on "Some Principles of the Poor Law," pleading for a new insistence on the neglected principle of national uniformity in poor law administration, and for the further principle of "restoration to industrial efficiency." We quote the conclusion of the article:—

"All who think on these subjects are eagerly awaiting the recommendations of the Poor Law Commission, who in their wisdom will, it is hoped, not be content with just patching. Never was there a time when so much interest was taken in social reform, or when there were so many men and women of good will eager to spend themselves in the service of those who have fallen by the way. Never did charity do more harm, and never was officialism so jealous of volunteer assistance. The problem before reformers is how to control the charitable and use voluntary goodwill to help the officials. 'It takes a soul to raise a soul' is still true, and the secret of the success of religious bodies is that they fearlessly use the influence of individual character on individual character. Official organisations have an efficiency, a command of resources, and a persistency of effort which are rare in organisations that depend on voluntary gifts and voluntary service; but official organisations fail in their human aim in so far as they exclude the help of volunteers. Such volunteers are the best inspectors—they look at individuals for whom the organisations exist with eyes freshened by family affections and consciences awakened to national responsibilities; they see in the school, the hospital, the asylum, the casual ward, much that had remained unintentionally, and often unconsciously hidden. The public is the only live inspector, and the free mingling of volunteers with officials is the best way of introducing such inspectorate, and of preventing routine from becoming dead. The ideal force to obtain reforms is that the whole community should care, but it cannot care without knowing,

and in order to know it must see from within. How to unite the abundant volunteer energy with the efficiency of the official for the welfare of the individual, is what those of us who know and care are waiting with trembling, hopeful prayers to learn from the coming report of the Poor Law Commission."

MR. J. W. CROSS in a tribute to the late Sir James Knowles in this month's *Nineteenth Century and After* tells of the following little incident:—

"I met Sir James very frequently in the Park, and I vividly remember one exquisite morning in the early summer overtaking him on the bridge, where he was looking rather worried and thought-laden, and I, feeling the gladness of the May, pointed to the young leaves in their fresh green rustling in the wind, breathing out fragrance, and I quoted—

'Summer woods about them blowing
Made a murmur in the land.'

In an instant a beautiful light leapt into the grey-blue eyes, the worried look vanished, and he went on with the next line—

'From deep thought himself he rouses,'

We 'lived light in the spring' for the remainder of our walk, talking at large about Tennyson and Matthew Arnold on one of those rare English perfect days when St. James's Park is a poem."

WILL anyone tell me that the voluptuary who, from abandonment to the body, cannot imagine the perpetuity of the spirit; that the selfish, who, looking at the meanness of his own nature, sees nothing worth immortalising; that the contented Epicurean, who, in prudent quietude of sense and sympathy, finds adequate satisfaction in this mortal life; that the cold speculator who looks at the fouler side of human nature, and, showing us on its features the pallor of sensualism or the hard lines of guilt, deems it less fit for the duration of the angel than for the extinction of the brute—that these men are *right*; while Christ, who walked without despair through the deepest haunts of sin, with faith that succumbed not to wretchedness and wrong, but stood up and conquered them; who embraced our whole nature in his love, and displayed it in its perfectness; who lived and died in its utmost service, with prayers and tears and blood; to whom our most binding affections cling almost with worship as the holiest glory of our world—that he could be under a delusion *here*?—that when, sinking in trustful death, he laid his meek head to rest on the bosom of the Father, he was cast off, and dropped on the cold clod?—that he sobbed into the Infinite by night with a vain love that met no answer?—that God rather takes part in his providence with the mean-souled, the cynic, the morbid, the selfish? There is no greater impossibility than this, on which evidence can fall back.—*Martineau*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — Communications have been received from the following:—J. W. A., E. G. E., J. M. H., F. G. J., E. N., J. R., E. W. S.

HEGELIANISM AND FREEDOM.

III.—CONCLUSION.

"How can you deal with sin and the sinner? On what ground do you base your call to repentance? How do you persuade men of the need of trying to do better?" These are the questions with which we are being continually pressed by the advocates of the individualistic theory of human freedom. I will conclude what I have to say by endeavouring to meet the challenge as frankly as I can.

I must, however, preface a remark which is really a plea for a patient hearing. Most of those who will read these articles are Unitarians, and the fact has an important bearing on the challenge I have to meet. Unitarianism is now and has long been very closely identified with that view of human liberty which I have ventured to criticise. "You might have done otherwise; in your free will you sinned, in your free will you may amend." This has been the burden of the Unitarian message in the treatment of sin; it has been supported by the sanction of great names; it has been pressed, if I mistake not, with great ability and fervour, by the very persons who are now challenging me to produce something as good or better. What has been the result? I could fill a page in describing what I regard as the splendid service rendered by Unitarianism to great causes, but if I were asked to indicate the quarter where its message has been least persuasive, I should point to that aspect of human life which is broadly covered by the word "sin." To the question whether the Hegelian conception of sin would not empty our churches, I should reply by saying that the opposed conception has at all events not filled them. Unitarianism has never learnt to put its arms round the sinner.* It does not understand him, and therefore it cannot help him. It treats all moral defeats as due to moral unfaithfulness. It has failed to perceive that moral defeat often conceals a story of heroic endeavour not less splendid than that which precedes the triumphs of the good. For every wreck that strews the lee-shores of character Unitarianism has been wont to call the lost mariners to strict account, forgetful of the weary, hopeless struggle of the crew fighting with black tempests in the heaven above and a deadly undertow in the waters beneath. Such suggestions Unitarianism has treated as "dangerous." Sinners, in consequence, have felt that less than justice was being done them by a message which can only cry, "You might have done otherwise." The stricken conscience has found no balm, the sin-burdened soul no relief, in the cold and bitter draught. These have turned to other forms of teaching, which, though less enlightened in some respects, have not wholly lost the fragrance of the spikenard that was poured over the head of Christ. It is a question of momentous significance. Unsympathetic as Unitarians may justly be towards the efforts which such an one as myself is making to find another way, does the history of their own past achievements in dealing with the *massa perditionis*; does the impression

* There are exceptions.

they are now making on the flood of sin, which is pouring its fresh torrents into the life of society day by day, justify them in stubbornly maintaining that their own traditional way is best? While, therefore, I recognise that the challenge "How can you deal with sin?" is one which constructive idealism is bound to answer, I must confess that it loses some of its force when launched by a school of thinkers whose own doctrine, in spite of its power in other directions, has so signally failed as a means of calling sinners to repentance.

The reason of this inefficacy is not difficult to understand. The central fact in the consciousness of the sinner, unless the records strangely err, is not the feeling of the power he has over his sin, but the feeling of the power his sin has over him. In the perfectly correct language of St. Paul, he knows himself to be "in bondage to sin." Mingling with, and almost indistinguishable from his remorse over the evil he has done is the sickening premonition that, so long as he remains the man he was, he will do it again. But how shall he become other than he is? Who shall deliver him from that body of death, which is his present self. Here is the dismay of a soul writhing in the grip of an evil habit and vainly pleading for release; here is a sense of helplessness under the obsession of the foe which at one moment overwhelms the sinner with humiliation and at another shatters him with terror and despair. To meet such an one with the tearless formula, "You might have done otherwise," is little better than to mock him, and to show ourselves insensible to the horror of his real estate. Besides, it may well be asked, why attach so much importance to *telling* the sinner that he might have done otherwise, when this, according to your theory, is precisely what he himself has known all along? Did he know that he might have taken the higher course? Then he knows, and knew, all you propose to tell him. Was he ignorant? Then, according to you, he was not guilty. Your doctrine merely gives him information which, by your own showing, he must needs have in advance of you. Do you say, "It is not that 'you *might* have done otherwise *then*,' but that 'you *may* do otherwise *now*'—that we seek to bring home?" But this also he knows as well as you; and if the knowing that "I may do *that*" did not yesterday prevent me from doing *this*, what reason is there to suppose that your telling me that I know will prevent me acting in the same way to-morrow? Your gospel throws no new light on the sinner's position; for it is only, say you, as himself having the light you offer, that he is capable of getting into the position from which you have to rescue him. That the knowledge of an open alternative is inefficacious to prevent wrong-doing should surely be obvious to those whose first tenet is that such knowledge has been necessarily present in every wrong act done since the world began.

The question "How do you propose to deal with sin?" is itself an extremely dangerous one, inasmuch as it may contain an implication which, if allowed, would involve nothing less than the destruction of the moral idea. It *may* imply that mankind is divided into two classes, one composed of sinners, the other of righteous

men whose business it is to "deal with" the sin of the first. It seems to suggest by its very form that already a great gulf has been fixed between Lazarus and Dives, and that the persons who have to answer the question about sin have their station with Lazarus in Paradise and not with Dives in hell. Sin appears to be regarded as an isolated factor in human life, the manifestation of a principle which is separate from and opposed to another principle which reveals itself in virtue; and those in whom the latter principle is at work are asked to produce a kind of special therapeutics for the treatment of their unfortunate brothers (or their unfortunate selves at other moments), who lie under the dominion of the first. The judge and the criminal are here sharply divided the one from the other. Putting the same thing in other words, we are to suppose that there are two classes of human actions or qualities; the one, called "sins," are the objects of unqualified condemnation; the other, called "virtues," are the objects of unqualified approval; and we are challenged to produce a doctrine which shall justify us in passing judgments of absolute condemnation on the one, and of absolute approval on the other.

When the challenge is put in this way, I believe that most Hegelians would answer—I so answer myself—that they do not even pretend to meet it. There is no class of actions for which they would present either an *absolute* approval or an *absolute* condemnation. We have no doctrine of condemnation for the sins of the criminal which does not rebound upon the virtues of the judge. Judge and criminal are alike in this respect, that both have sinned and come short of the glory of God. In presence of the Infinite Holiness, in presence of the infinite demands of the moral ideal, the consciousness of which is the essence of personality both in criminal and judge, the difference between the two is not of such a nature as to put the first and the second under opposite categories. The best and the worst of which finite man is capable, different as they may be in other respects, nevertheless bear this striking resemblance to one another, that both fall infinitely short of that ideal Best which is the driving force and the guiding star of the moral life. Hence it is that Hegelians do not profess two doctrines, two modes of treatment, one for sinners and another for saints. The absolute distinction between the two is abolished, and the saint takes the sinner by the hand. "You and I," he cries, "are brothers. Are you dissatisfied in your sins? Lo, I also am dissatisfied in my virtues. Do your sins leave you bewailing? My virtues leave me in the same case. Do you cry to be delivered as from a body of death? I, who am perfect in the works of the law, repeat the cry on my own behalf. Do you turn from your sins with the sense of an infinite hunger which these husks can never satisfy? I turn from my virtues with the same hunger in the heart. Do you feel abashed under the reproach of an Infinite Perfection? Yet who more abashed than I? Is not my best, like your worst, a mere garment of filthy rags? Nay, one thing more. As between you and me, is there not one sin—the sin of self-approval—which may stand lighter in your account

than in mine? Therefore it has been written that over one such as you there is more joy in heaven than over ninety and nine such as I."

In the previous article I pointed to the significant fact that thinkers of the opposing school support their case by a too exclusive reference to moral experience in the act of *wrong-doing*. They lay great emphasis on remorse, and, if I rightly understand them, seek to encourage it. Seldom do they refer to that deeper secret, which lay at the root of the Pauline ethics, that escape from self-condemnation is not to be found even in doing *right*. They tell us that there is such a thing as self-approval; and if their theory is sound there ought to be. If their case is to rest on the evidence of the moral consciousness, then, among the utterances of that consciousness in its best exemplars, we ought to hear the voice of self-approval speaking in accents no less clear, no less decisive, no less absolute than those which are heard among the utterances of remorse. Where, I ask, is such a record to be found? Certainly not among those whose theory stands in the most urgent need of this evidence. In vain will you seek for the faintest trace of it in the published writings, either speculative or devotional, of any one of them. What, then, has become of this self-approval? Why is it that while the voice of self-condemnation cries aloud in their pages; why is it, while the best they seem to know of themselves is that they are unprofitable servants, this voice of self-approval, so sorely needed to make their theory complete, utters never a word? My own solution of this puzzle is a very simple one. I believe that the *moral* consciousness knows nothing whatever of any such state of mind. To approve of oneself is precisely what no *moral* consciousness can ever allow. If self-condemnation is the life of morality, self-approval would be its death. Nowhere will you find it save among the Scribes and Pharisees, in whom morality is actually dead. There was once an admirer of Jesus who addressed him with the epithet "good," and it stung him like a lash. It would well accord with all I know of the character of our opponents to suppose that the testimony of self-approval is withheld in them by a noble modesty, which treats it as a thing unseemly to utter in the sight either of God or man. But I give them credit for a nobler reason still. They are silent because they have nothing to say. The testimony of self-approval cannot be adduced because it does not exist. So, when challenged by our friends to produce our method of dealing with sin, my answer, if they will forgive me, must needs take the form of a retort. We deal with sin precisely as you deal with your own virtues; that is, we treat both particular sins and particular virtues as alike illustrating the fallings short of a finite being who bears within him and can never escape from the demands of an Infinite Ideal. We take our stand with St. Paul when he declared that his righteousness—not his sins—were as filthy rags. We have no special therapeutics for dealing with sin, but one great system of hygiene which embraces both sinners and saints. All that we can say of the sins of the worst requires to be said over again of the

virtues of the best *when these are placed in the light of the Infinite Ideal*. We believe that as the virtues of the present have been wrought out of the vices of the past, so these virtues themselves are destined to be transformed and superseded, until they too reveal their imperfection in the light of the greater virtue that is yet to be. To make the sinner ashamed of his sin we can say nothing which does not make ourselves equally ashamed of our own virtues—if we have any; but we can say much which, if rightly understood, will cause both him and ourselves to fall down in a common self-abasement before the Highest. We affirm that one and the same principle works in the Prodigal when he comes to himself among the swine and in the accomplished saint who cries out in agony before the Infinite Holiness of God. We recognise no distinction between the process by which the good man becomes better and that by which the bad man becomes good, and we carry this to its just conclusion by affirming that the good man who ceases to become better is the worse man of the two. We believe that this doctrine is continuous with the teaching of Jesus and Paul; that it constitutes the most potent instrument of moral advance ever committed to the mind of man, and that, as its implications are gradually revealed, its potency will continually increase. We see in it a means of breaking down those class-distinctions in the realm of character and conduct whose existence is, and always has been, the chief stumbling-block in the path of the Good. We anticipate that it will gradually build the human race into an ethical brotherhood in which the hopeless endeavour of the individual to achieve for himself a self-contained moral destiny will be replaced by the irresistible attraction of the common end, the strength of the strongest uplifting the weakness of the weakest, and the sympathy of the best disarming the rebellion of the worst. And we appeal to men everywhere to invest their moral energies without reserve, in absolute confidence that the end "cannot be otherwise."

"What, then, becomes of moral distinctions?" is the question that is sure to be asked. But the reader who has patiently followed what has been said will observe, that moral distinction, so far from being denied, is the basis of the whole position. At the root of our thinking lies the distinction between the Infinite Perfection on the one hand and the actual achievements of all finite wills on the other. This distinction not only remains, but remains as *the ever-present experience of the moral consciousness*—nay, as the inner life and driving impulse of the moral will. It is the presence of this distinction which explains, at the same time and in the same terms, the remorse of the sinner and the equally bitter self-dissatisfaction of the saint; which brings both to their knees in a simultaneous confession that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God, and forces from the lips of both a prayer to be delivered from the body of death. What we do deny, and we deny it with some fervour, is the notion that any *ultimate* moral distinction is to be found among the imperfect achievements of the finite will. We deny that there is any actual type of

human character, any actual set of human virtues or actions, any actual range of human options or alternatives which can provide the final standard of right and wrong. We deny that there is any level of human attainment so high that the man who stands upon it may pass judgment on the levels below him without finding that his own highest level is involved in the same condemnation. The difference between the finite best and the finite worst sinks to a relative position when placed in the light of the ultimate distinction which obtains between them both and the Highest of All. But *that* distinction is never absent from the consciousness of either best or worst. To best and worst alike it delivers the same message—speaking to both in the same language, revealing to both the same truth—the truth, namely, that *neither is good enough*.

Thus it may be seen how it comes to pass that we have no special therapeutics for sin. What we say to the sinner is what we say, though with added emphasis, to the saint. We tell the saint that he, too, is a sinner—aye, and the worst kind of sinner too—if he fails to recognise himself as sinful. As to the effects of such a method on the morale of the world, we have no misgivings whatsoever. We have historical encouragement, for this appears to us to have been essentially the method of Christ. The Gospel which shall win "bad" men to become "good" can be none other than that which, at the same time and in the same terms, reveals to "good" men the need of becoming better. Such a Gospel unites men of every grade of moral development in the fraternity of a common pursuit of that which is infinitely beyond them all, and pours into each weakest will the total energy of the whole moving and aspiring mass. Nothing short of such a Gospel is competent to the redemption of the world. The covert desire for weapons of condemnation this Gospel does not gratify, but rather smites the applicant with the very weapon he covets to possess. It has come into the world not to condemn, but to save. For the Ideal of which it speaks, and on which it bids all eyes be turned, is not only infinitely beyond us, but essentially within us. There is no escaping from it for anyone. Nor does it come among us as a mere beautiful vision—a powerless thing waiting to be endowed with such power as our feeble wills may "choose" to confer upon it. *Its driving forces are all within itself*. Itself is the great reservoir of living energy from which all wills derive their being. We get our powers from it, not it from us. "We needs must love the Highest when we see it"; while we are musing upon it the fire burns. Its office is to capture and possess the will, and by such capture and in such possession to make it "free." This is the glorious liberty of the children of God; the liberty of a soul whose self-consciousness is nothing else than the knowledge of that constraint which is imposed upon it by the law of its own innermost being. Have our friends never reflected on the saying, "The Truth shall make you free"? L. P. JACKS.

A MAN without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder.—*Carlyle*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.]

WITHOUT HOLIDAY.

SIR,—The Rev. Joseph Wood, in his communication which appeared in THE INQUIRER, April 11, stated that he knew of ministers who have not had a holiday for ten years.

If Mr. Wood will kindly send the names of these ministers, in strict confidence, to the Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, at Essex Hall, there are some of us Unitarian laymen who will do their utmost to see that these ministers do not go an eleventh year without the chance of having a holiday.

JOHN HARRISON.

Incheville, 62, Christchurch-road,
Tulse Hill Park, S.W.

ANOTHER WORD OF EXPLANATION.

SIR,—In the light of Dr. Mellone's statement that in regard to moral freedom he agrees with Professor Pringle-Pattison, I now clearly see that I have utterly misunderstood what he means by the word "Libertarianism." In *Converging Lines* he explains this word as meaning that "in cases of 'temptation' (that is, of antagonism between my personal cravings and the claims of the ideal) it is always possible for me to obey the latter." Before reading his last letter I thought that these words were capable of only one interpretation, viz., that *in each case of temptation it is open to us to obey the moral ideal*; but I now see that Dr. Mellone intends them to signify something quite different, viz., that in all actual temptations it is possible for us to obey the ideal only in those cases in which we really do obey it. It is now evident to me that the expression "open alternative," as used by Dr. Mellone, simply signifies that, owing to the presence and influence of the moral ideal in our consciousness, it is always possible that an ethical being may come to form self-determinations in accord with this ideal. Professor Pattison expressly states that this is what he means. It is, I think, to be regretted that Dr. Mellone has not explained his meaning with similar clearness. I hope that in the next edition of *Converging Lines* the passage which has seriously led me astray will be so modified as to make clear to the ordinary reader the writer's real meaning; and that the misleading word "Libertarianism" will be expunged.

Now that I clearly understand Dr. Mellone's view of moral freedom, I shall be on my guard against his most delusive use of libertarian phraseology, and his profession of belief in the existence of open alternatives. I wonder how many readers of page 119 of *Converging Lines* have escaped the utter misapprehension into which I fell owing to the writer's masquerading in free-will costume. Very, very few, I opine.

Let me add in conclusion, that it would be most interesting to learn from Dr. Mellone how his doctrine of the will is related to the doctrine so clearly and elaborately enunciated by Professor Jacks.

Now that the days of external authority in matters of faith have wholly passed away, every thoughtful and influential preacher must needs have a basal philosophy. The three philosophies between which election has to be made are the two just mentioned, and the Libertarian Theism of Lotze and Martineau. There is, it seems to me, good ground for the confident expectation that through the pages of the INQUIRER our younger thinkers will do effectual service in determining the relative worth of these great competing philosophies of ethics and religion.

CHARLES B. UPTON.

DOCTRINE OF THE WILL.

SIR,—Will you permit me one word of rejoinder to Professor Upton, even though you and your readers must have had enough of my philosophising. All I want to do is to assure Professor Upton that I should not dream of addressing my congregation in the way he suggests, and, what is more, my philosophy would not require me to. If I should say, "Your evil act seemed to you a good," I should add, "that is the shame of it. And you know it. No peace of God is for you thus. There is the danger of a deepening moral darkness, and retribution inevitable. It is no valid defence that you thought the act good. Behind it there is wrong thinking and undisciplined passion. The way of peace is the way of right thought, and disciplined will. And there is no other." In other words, I should try to get into their minds the higher conceptions of life under the influence of which they would condemn the past, and see their good in the future embodied in rational forms of conduct. But that is something different from the "open alternative," and at the same time is not the determinism with which Professor Upton identifies Hegelianism. Hegelianism seems to me to be the interpretation of the moral nature of man on the assumption of his essential rationality. Involved in that is that any act he does presents itself as a good. The whole ethical problem, on its practical side, is to make explicit the real content of the good. That in our ministry we are always trying to do. That is the value to us of the social organism. And the exposition varies from the persuasions of the pulpit to those of the prison.—Yours, &c.,

ADDISON A. CHARLESWORTH.

LICENSING REFORM.

SIR,—I thank you for having published my letter to you of the 6th inst. In reference to your editorial note I still venture to think that definite statistics are more reliable than the general view of even a prominent licensing justice. Your readers can, if they care to do so, see for themselves whether anything I have said is or is not "amazing." I have never suggested that crime and waste do not largely arise from excessive drinking, and, although you only say you would prefer "a little less," I have no doubt you would be very glad if the crime and the waste of excessive drinking could be abolished altogether, and so should I. May I, before concluding, call the attention of your readers to a letter on this subject in *The Times* of the 10th inst., from Mr. Thos. Tombleson, of Barton-

on-Humber, who describes himself as a county alderman, an old Methodist, and a member of one of the strictest sects of teetotalers for more than forty years; and another from Mr. Rider Haggard in *The Times* of April 2, both worth attention.

DENNIS B. SQUIRE.

Lymebourne, Sidmouth,
April 13, 1908.

SIR,—I fancy that, in forecasting the probable effect of the Licensing Bill, Mr. Gimson has overlooked the clause which provides that calculations shall be made on wards where the borough is so divided. This will make a great difference in results. In Leicester, for instance, the number of public houses in the borough as a whole is two below that allowed by the Bill, but the conditions of separate wards present striking contrasts. In the residential suburbs, where most of those who control the affairs of the town reside—and also many of those who, having made their money in "the trade," have now retired—the number is very small, but the central, older districts are the sufferers.

In one ward, and that nearly the smallest, the Wyggestone Ward, is nearly one-fourth of the number of licensed houses in Leicester: 100 licences to 14,780 people! The death-rate in this ward is 16.4 per annum, against 14.3 for the borough as a whole, and infant mortality 222.4 against 166.2. And I think I may safely say that its moral character is the lowest in the town. I do not mean to assert that drink is the only cause of poverty, sickness, and crime. (There is one ward where the mortality statistics are worse, and the number of licences not quite so great.) But all who work among the poor agree that drink, poverty, and disease form a vicious circle of cause and effect, acting and reacting, and that, in a district where one house out of every thirty-three is selling intoxicants, a man disheartened or wearied in the daily struggle for a livelihood is heavily handicapped in any endeavour to resist the temptation of purchasing a few hours' forgetfulness by the means of drink. Under the provisions of the Bill eighty-three of these houses will be closed, and, though we cannot even hope that all who now frequent these will become teetotalers, it is proved beyond doubt that decreased facilities in the long run mean temperance progress.

Leicester.

EMMELINE DAVY.

TEMPERANCE.

SIR,—As one desirous of real progress in the matter of temperance, I should like to draw your readers' attention to the advertisement *re clubs*. If alcohol is the demon that some think it, the Government should suppress it altogether, and not make it a source of revenue.

If they want to rule the people wisely, they will make all possible use of existing organisations for that purpose, and not allow themselves to be blinded by statements either of teetotalers or the "Trade."

The club movement was started by our old friend the Rev. Henry Solly, and has now in union over a thousand clubs in the country and is an important factor for national improvement.—Yours faithfully,

STEPHEN S. TAYLER.

Streatham, April, 1908.

OBITUARY.

MRS. P. A. TAYLOR.

MRS. PETER ALFRED TAYLOR died at Brighton on the 11th inst. in her ninety-eighth year.

Her death will awaken many memories. She was born at Brockdish, near Diss, in Norfolk, where her parents resided, her maiden name being Clementia Doughty. Her husband, whom she has survived for sixteen years, was the well-known member for Leicester from 1862 to 1884, and by his side Mrs. Taylor took no inconsiderable part in public affairs. A few years after her marriage she became an intimate friend and correspondent of Mazzini—copies of whose letters to her are carefully preserved—and a zealous member of the Society of the Friends of Italy, of which Mr. Taylor was chairman.

It is interesting to note that in these early days Mrs. Taylor applied to become a member of the London Anti-Slavery Society, but her request was declined, as women were not admitted. A Society of Women with the same object was immediately formed, one result of which was that this curious rule was presently rescinded; but not the less the Women's Society continued in activity, until the abolition of slavery in the United States. On the breaking out of the American Civil War, Mrs. Taylor widened her efforts by organising assistance for the freedmen—a labour warmly acknowledged by the American Abolitionists.

In 1865 J. S. Mill was returned to Parliament, and undertook to present a petition in favour of Women's Suffrage, if signed by 100 women; in a little over a fortnight he received one with 1,499 signatures. In the work of this petition Mrs. Taylor took her share, and the formation of the first London Committee for the same object immediately followed. It met at Aubrey House, Notting Hill, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. Among its earliest members were Dean Alford, Miss Boucherett, Prof. Cairnes, the Rev. W. L. Clay, Miss Emily Davies, Lady Goldsmid, Geo. W. Hastings, James Heywood, Mrs. Knox (Isa Craig), Miss Manning, and Mrs. Hensleigh Wedgewood. Mrs. Taylor was treasurer, and Mrs. J. W. Smith (*née* Louisa Garrett) the first hon. sec. On her death, which happened not long after she accepted this office, Mrs. Smith was succeeded by Miss Caroline A. Biggs. The Committee was soon greatly enlarged, and it is gratefully remembered that Mrs. Taylor was the presiding genius of those meetings, and devoted herself to their object with all the enthusiasm of her gentle and courageous spirit.

This London organisation, of which some of her friends used to call Mrs. Taylor "the Mother," was prosperous and efficient. In 1869 and 1870 two public meetings were held in London in support of Women's Suffrage, and at both Mrs. Taylor took the chair, these being probably the earliest occasions on which a lady presided over public meetings of men and women in London, and she did so with a grace, dignity, and simplicity which were of excellent omen. Among the many distinguished speakers were Jacob

Bright, Prof. and Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Grote, at an advanced age, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, J. S. Mill, and John Morley. These meetings attracted great public attention and much respectful notice in the Press.

It is fitting that something should be said of Mrs. Taylor's evenings at Aubrey House, which had a character of their own, the fading memory of which some will gladly recall. They were attended by many men and women of leading in politics, literature, thought, education, and philanthropy, of different nationalities, classes, opinions, and social standing, and the prevailing air of ease and kindly fellowship—more than is common in large assemblies in England—was greatly due to the bright gracious spirit and wide sympathies of the hostess.

In passing may be mentioned the Pen and Pencil Club which met at Aubrey House, in the fifties, consisting of men of letters, artists, and amateurs, who contributed short essays, poems, and sketches. Among those members whose names are now far more widely known, were Edwin Arnold, Frances Power Cobbe, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Lewis Morris, and J. R. Seeley.

Mrs. Taylor showed her practical interest in education by setting up the Aubrey Institute in the neighbourhood of her residence, where, before the time of Board Schools, there were free classes and lectures for men and women and boys and girls, conducted by volunteer teachers. French history, English literature, and drawing were taught, as well as elementary subjects, and in connection with the Institute was a lending library. This early effort in the co-education of the sexes met with welcome and success.

Since her husband's death, in 1891, Mrs. Taylor lived a retired life at Brighton, subject to the increasing infirmities of old age. Such a record as hers can be contemplated only with profound gratitude and honour for the beneficent spirit of her life.

MR. EDWARD WOODHOUSE.

ON Wednesday, the 8th inst., the Brookfield Church, Gorton, lost one of its most faithful members in the death of Mr. Edward Woodhouse, who passed away in his 81st year. He was formerly a superintendent of the Sunday-school, was a trustee of the Church, and for many years a member of the Church committee. In public affairs, too, he rendered much active and useful service. For 14 years he was a member of the old Local Board, and, later, for a considerable period served as a member of the Technical Instruction Committee. As one of the oldest and longest resident of the inhabitants of Gorton he was widely known and much respected. The funeral took place on Monday, the 13th inst., at Brookfield Church, the Rev. Geo. Evans officiating, in the presence of a large concourse of friends and neighbours. He leaves a son, Mr. W. E. Woodhouse, of Gorton, and three daughters, of whom one is the wife of the Rev. H. Bodell Smith. An earnest Unitarian, he was most regular and punctual in his attendances at Sunday services, and a devoted supporter of his Church and the cause it represents;

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE LAW OF OBEDIENCE.

CONCLUDED.

"WELL, Stephen," said his father, the next evening, "let us look a little closer at your perplexity as to accepting laws, and not fighting against them. Is it the fact that you *must* obey them that you think you can't stand?"

"I think it is, Father: I don't like to be compelled. It puts one's back up."

"I think your difficulty about 'must' is rather imaginary, Stephen. You will find law and the necessity for obedience to law running through everything in life. Now imagine to yourself an astronomer trying to discover a new star or planet. In his calculations he must most carefully follow the rules of mathematics and geometry; if he makes one slip, his search must begin again. In his case these great laws must be followed, and with absolute faithfulness. Is that a hardship?"

"Oh no, of course not."

"Even in your school sums or geometry you have to work with these laws, or you gain no result. You do not think of warring against 2 and 2 making 4, or saying that it puts your back up?"

The children laughed.

"And you, Dolly, if you work the sewing machine, you do not feel it any grievance that it won't sew if you turn the wheel the wrong way, do you?"

"Oh dear no," said Dolly.

"Well, that is a 'must,' and a rule to be followed. And then in music, suppose an orchestra with two or three hundred performers. They *must* all play the same piece of music, and in the same time, and they must obey their conductor; they cannot be left free each one to do 'as he likes,' or what would happen?"

"Oh, horrible!" said Donald, clapping his hands over his ears.

"And a composer must follow the rules of music, and an artist the rules of perspective or his buildings will all tumble down, and the ruin of those houses will be great. Only through following these rules do you become free to make any progress. To accept these laws and work with a willing obedience to them is real freedom. They are the tools by which you do your work; the only steps by which you can climb to anything higher and more important.

"And just in the same way that there are these laws in the outer world there are laws in the world of spirit, laws of right and wrong, which are called moral laws; and without obedience to these we can no more climb to a higher range of life than we can in the outer world without following the natural laws of that world. We have all of us an inner sense or conscience which recognises what is right, and distinguishes it from what is wrong. If we disobey these moral laws we fall into sin.

"A boy knows perfectly well that he ought to tell the truth; he has done something wrong, and he tells a lie to shield himself, thereby proving himself a coward. He has not the courage to stand up like a man and say, 'Yes, I did it,' and take the consequences. Having told the lie once, he finds it necessary to make all sorts of

excuses or tell more lies in order to keep up the deceit. He has broken the moral law, and is lowering himself step by step."

"Does it really matter all that much, Father?" said Donald.

"Yes, my boy, it really does. Once begin to let yourselves *down*—to be untrue—to think it doesn't much matter—and you are sure to go further still on the down-path."

"It's rather awful, Father," said Dolly.

"Yes, I think it is, dear. But to keep a strong, brave, faithful conscience is within the power of everyone of us, if we only *will*."

Her father went to the bookcase, and took down a book, and opened it, saying, "Listen to this, children; I think you can all understand something of what it means: 'To-morrow morning, if you choose to take up a spirit of such power, you may rise like a soul without a past; fresh for the future as an Adam untempted yet. . . . with every link of guilty habit shaken off. . . . The hindrance is with yourself alone. The coming hours are open yet, pure and spotless receptacles for whatever you may deposit there; pledged to no evil, secure of no good. . . . Let us start up and live; here come the moments that cannot be had again; some few may yet be filled with imperishable good.'"

All were silent; but Stephen's eyes shone with a bright light of hope and resolve.

Then their father said softly: "And then your martyrs, Dolly; they were 'obedient unto death,' to the great law of truth. They would not yield; torture and pain and death could not move their faithfulness. What made them so strong, do you think?"

"Oh, Father, they loved God and loved the truth better even than their lives."

"Yes, Dolly, that is the whole secret of it. It is to *love the law* that we need. If we do that it will never be irksome to us. And to love God is to love His laws, and to obey them joyfully, and with a willing heart. 'This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments, and His commandments are not grievous.' Then we shall find that His service is perfect freedom."

"Lo! I come with joy to do

The Master's blessed will!

Him in outward works pursue

And serve his pleasure still.

Faithful to my Lord's commands,

I still would choose the better part,

Serve with careful Martha's hands,

And loving Mary's heart."

There were kisses all round, that night, as the little party went to bed.

GERTRUDE MARTINEAU.

THIS month's *World's Work* is specially devoted to agricultural and gardening articles, and is full of interest, to which the illustrations contribute greatly. There is a good word for margarine, as honest, wholesome food, the origin of which was due to Napoleon III., when the price of butter was very high in France. "Queensland To-day" and "Plant-growing under Electric Light" are two of the articles. Others on gardening are specially fascinating.

CHILD OF EARTH AND THE SON OF JOY.

CHILD of Earth was troubled, for she had been taken to church, where the furniture was draped in black, and had listened to the music, so solemn and sad that she could scarce help crying. But she was afraid to cry: everything was too awesome. She heard the story of ancient wrong wrought by the men of ignorance upon the Prince of Peace at Jerusalem, and it all seemed a contradiction of every sight and sound of the Spring-time. She was troubled, for she was like one who was listening to the lark while the cemetery bell was tolling for the dead.

Next morning but one she woke very early. She had dreamt of a Great Conqueror who had broken the wills of men and taken possession of the whole Earth. His name, they said, was Death. Now, beside the fallen leaves in the winter, and the little breathless body of a linnet, which she had picked up one day after a gale, the child could think of nothing that told of death; but it was borne in upon her that she must go forth and seek for Death. It was Easter morning. Light-footed Child of Earth crept downstairs so as to disturb no one, and, gently lifting the latch of the cottage door, went out. It was not yet full light. Half an hour or more was still wanting to dawn, and the birds were in main song as is their use, filling the interval between waking and feeding with singing. The Child stood on the threshold of her home and listened. The air was crisp and still. Two wrens, one on either side of the garden, sang as hard and as fast as their tiny tongues could patter out the notes. Never a singer who put so many words and so many notes into so short a space of time. The blackbird on the cob-nut tree, and the thrush on the branch of the apple, seemed in comparison to be shouting with great manly voices. Golden laughter, too, was rippling down from high overhead as the lark poured out its bag of magic sand, every grain a song-note.

Child of Earth felt that she belonged to this company, and would most gladly have lifted her own sweet voice to join in the morning lauds, but she refrained, for she knew that if she did so she would most likely wake the house, while thrush and blackbird and wrens would at once fly off, leaving only the lark above, too high to be disturbed. She thought, though, that it would be a very fine thing if all the folk in the land began the day at the beginning along with the birds, and that with a song together. For the time she had forgotten her dream, and knew not why she was about before sunrise; but she went cautiously down the path so as to disturb neither singer nor sleeper, until she reached the wicket, and so up the cartway on to the hill-side.

The white violets were out at the foot of the hedge. She stooped to smell them, wet with dew. She was startled as she rose by catching sight of a young labouring man who was standing still on the hill-side as though watching for the sunrise. Was he on his way to work? Hardly, for this was Easter day. He smiled, and greeted the child pleasantly, and she knew that

he was her friend. His face, browned by the fresh air, was thoughtful and happy.

"You do not know me," he said gently, "but you can call me the 'Son of Joy.' You are out seeking for someone?" he added questioning.

"Yes, sir," answered Child of Earth; "I'm looking for Death."

"And you have not found him?"

"No."

"Would you know him if you saw him?" he asked.

"I do not know," she replied.

"Shall we look for him together?"

And the two went on, hand in hand, up the hill, over the short, springing grass, to look for Death.

The daffodils, being all alert, and the anemones waking up, they put a question to them by the way; but they knew not the name of him they sought. When they spoke to the birds, the chaffinch laughed, and the lark went on singing, and the rooks moving about their nests in the top branches of the trees spoke comfortable words to their young, but amongst them they could catch no saying about death. The elm-trees were showing red flowers atop. The larches pushing little green brushes through the rind of their branches and out of their twig-tips. These they asked of death; but with the silences with which trees and other creatures often speak in place of speech, they said they had not seen him.

They asked the Earth. The Earth replied: "My lap is full of seeds; they are starting to grow—myriads of them. I can think of nothing else."

On the broken face of the hill the rocks were exposed. Surely life could not abide in this barren spot. But when the seekers looked closely they saw that the rocks were coloured diversely with close-clinging lichens in patches and dots and stains, grey, ruddy, orange, and black. "These," said the Son of Joy, "are living colours; they tell us nothing of death." So they went down to the river, and Child of Earth asked the water if Death were there. "I am all for life," said the Water. "I give life to the roots of trees and plants and fill the veins of every creature."

The Son of Joy looked down and smiled at his comrade as though he knew more than he would say, "Let us ask the air," he proposed. So they asked the air. But by way of answer they only heard whisperings about breath of life and singing.

"Do you know anything about him?" asked the Child. The Son of Joy replied, "I know of him what may be known. An hour ago the world was in twilight, but there were no shadows. Now the sun has risen and every tree and stone and blade of grass, and the spider and his web, and the white butterfly still asleep on the fence-post, and every man and child has a shadow. Such is death—just the shadow of all things, and it is cast by the Light of Life. All the earth and air and water are the country of life. Be they hale or be they sick, men do not see death except they turn and look backwards. Then they gaze upon their own shadow, and sometimes it frightens them, as do their dreams in the night. Then the Son of Joy began to sing a song, and the Child of Earth also sang the words he taught her.

THE SONG OF JOY.

He sings:

From men and birds and angels,
From homes and churches too,
Praise to the Love Eternal,
All glorious as the blue
Which the green earth o'er arches,
Arches the ocean too;

He and She together:

I, Son of Joy; I, Child of Earth,
Do hail the Easter morning's birth.

He sings:

Ho! sailor in the offing,
Ho! farmer in the field,
Ho! driver of the engine strong,
A song let labour yield.

He and She together:

I, Son of Joy; I, Child of Earth,
Do hail the Easter morning's birth.

He sings:

From where the colour broadens
Over the rainbow's span;
From children as they gather
Around the knees of man;
From where the apple blossoms
In shells of pink and white;
From where the bluebells give the
woods

Their homage of delight—

Both sing together:

With Son of Joy and Child of Earth,
Come, hail the Easter morning's birth.

H. M. L.

At the entrance to the little town of Veere, on the island of Walcheren, in Holland, there is a notice put up by the road-side: "Behandel de Dieren met Zachtheid. Spaar de Vogels." "Be gentle with all dumb creatures. Spare the birds."

THE summer exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours (Pall Mall East), which opened on Monday, is a pleasant show of 260 pictures, of which eleven (and some of the most beautiful) are by the President, Sir Ernest A. Waterlow, R.A., and six are by Miss Edith Martineau, one of the Associates. Three of these are scenes in the neighbourhood of Aviemore, No. 260 being "Evening in the Felled Woods of Rothiemurchus, Aviemore." There is a gem of Mrs. Allingham's (226, not for sale), "The Mall Lodge, Shottermill, Surrey," a delightful old place, embowered in country flowers and with a perfect glory of red-tiled roof. Mr. Arthur Rackham contributes two of his quaint fairy-tale pictures. His "Spring Morning" (229) is beautiful as well as quaint. Of the Earl of Carlisle's two pictures "Schloss Friedenberg" (34) is specially charming.

PROVINCIAL ASSEMBLY OF NON-SUBSCRIBING MINISTERS AND CONGREGATIONS OF LONDON AND THE SOUTH-EASTERN COUNTIES.—London, April 10, 1908. The Rev. Kenneth Herbert Bond, who desires to enter the ministry in this province has satisfied the Advisory Committee of this Assembly as to his character and personal fitness. Signed, W. Blake Odgers, chairman; James Harwood, secretary. Note.—All matters other than character and personal fitness are left for the sole consideration of each individual congregation.

The Inquirer.

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LONDON, APRIL 18, 1908.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

A FEW years ago we looked back on the eve of Easter to gather up some of the thoughts which had come to us with this recurring festival; and now again, after ten years, we do the same, and find that the repeated emphasis only deepens the convictions of faith and joy, which belong to this season of perennial hope and thankfulness.

1899.

The joy of the Easter morning is a universal truth of God, if only, with JESUS, all men would learn the full meaning of their manhood. God is the fountain of all beauty, but more intimately to us the Father of living souls. The shadow falls, and those who are most dear to us are taken from our sight. But then in the silence, with wonderful revealing and strong consolation, comes the witness of the Spirit, "Not dead, but living unto Him." We do not ask for signs and wonders, we learn only to be still, and know that He is God. We say, "Our Father"—and we know the meaning of this life of spiritual manhood, which death cannot touch.

The real shadows of life remain, the bitterness of failure and sin, of unworthiness and cowardice; but from all these our refuge is in the Father's infinite compassion. It is life to which He has called us, and not death, and in life with Him there must at last be victory over sin. And in Him also those darker riddles of human fate in this world, which are so terrible to sensitive hearts, must be solved. There is no way of deliverance but in utter surrender to Him who is Eternal Goodness, in undaunted courage that is given in faithful service, and in the patience of hope. And, meanwhile, we are not deprived of the joy which is of heaven—the joy which each awakening springtime brings, and that deeper joy of the hidden life of which Easter is the emblem and the beautiful recurring festival.

1901.

In our Father's house are "many mansions," but our rest is in Him, with that greater fellowship of the seen and the unseen in which the most glorious have their place, in which JESUS is the first-born of many brethren, and everyone is there to whom we have owed most—all who have brought us any quickening of fuller knowledge, nobler loyalty, or more perfect love. They are not memories of the past, they are of the household, and, as we rest in the living God, are with us here, filling our life with a new richness, making us understand better the unspeakable riches of the love of God.

This festival of Easter is for the humble and despised of the earth, even more than for the great churches with their gorgeous ritual and throngs of worshippers. It is a greater gift for the lonely heretic than for any other. To him is given an unspeakable delight in the lovely ritual of the re-awakened earth, so pure and beautiful that he desires no other. His heart is lifted up in worship in that greatest of all visible temples, in which the benediction is for all alike. He is at one with humanity, because he feels the thrill of life out of which humanity is born. And amid the glory of the springtime of the year, coming in its abundance out of the fulness of the Creator's joy, which cannot fail, his thought rises to a purer height, in which it is life of the spirit that he contemplates, and in which he is anew dedicated to the holiest service. Unseen of men, there are those who come to him on the Mount of Transfiguration, who talk with him perchance of what he must suffer, yet of the glory of the conflict, of what he must accomplish in brave witness to truth, in passionate loyalty to right, and in the surrender of perfect love. For to him also is given, in the Master's spirit, to love even those who hate, to give himself utterly for his brethren's sake. His prayer that the Father's will may be done brings into his heart the divine peace. He is not alone, but is compassed about by the heavenly witnesses, and is sustained by the supreme Strength and Love.

There are none, even in the humblest places of service, even the most solitary and despised, to whom these greatest of gifts are not offered, to whom the supreme joy is not open in life which is beyond the power of death.

1903.

So long as there are those who hunger after righteousness, who feel the power of his spirit, who are strengthened by their personal allegiance to him, so long will the self-sacrifice of JESUS be remembered with undying gratitude and reverence, and the pathetic story of his death will stir in his disciples' hearts the deepest thoughts of the divine meaning of faithful suffering,

the revealing of the power and righteousness of God in duty, the light of heaven breaking through the darkness, and the joy of the triumphant spirit.

"All things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." Even in the silence of his death he speaks to us of the unchanging love of God. For what does it mean, this life so beautiful and gracious, with such joy in things pure and true and gentle, speaking with such deep inward knowledge of the Father in heaven, but then so soon clouded and cut off by a cruel death? What does it mean to those who enter into the secret of his life? What but a testimony of the spirit, a revealing of the truth of God, in the passionate assurance that *the life* is not so destroyed, that love and truth and righteousness are not thus overthrown! Out of the very darkness and silence comes to us the calm word of faith: "The Christ is risen, and is triumphant over death."

So the Cross becomes to us a sacred emblem of life. It means truth and unselfishness and love stronger than death. It casts upon our life not the shadow of despair, but the light of undying hope and a victorious confidence. In this season of thanksgiving we remember him who laid down his life for his friends. We are permitted to enter into that inner circle, and to know something of the depth of love and gratitude and loyalty which filled those first disciples' hearts. They were made new men, and our prayer is that we may be of the same spirit. In that fellowship there is still bread of life to be had by those who find the way of faithfulness in asking, with faces turned towards the light. The weary and heavy laden, taking his yoke upon them, still find rest to their souls. The lonely and the downcast find the comfort of a hidden sympathy. The strong and joyful find a friend, who teaches them the secret of divine helpfulness and more perfect joy.

In the silence of this commemoration other sacred memories come back to us, of early vows, of the first awakening of faith and love, the first surrender of a grateful discipleship. There come memories of those who have spoken for us words of power and divine revealing, the touch of whose sympathy was a quickening of new life, our closest friends, who still are ours in undying fellowship of love and trust. And we must ask, *Are we true to them?* Have we followed our Master in his lowliness of spirit, in the pure faith, the self-forgetting service of his life? Have we been worthy of what we have received in those others, of this holy communion which is ours, with the faithful of every generation, and, above all, with those who in the nearest sense are *our own*, in the great Household of God?

Easter is the time to be born again into newness of life.

1905.

Easter is the festival of life and renewed victory of the good that endures. There is the steadfastness of the faithful who hunger after righteousness, the martyr's victory over pain; and out of the shadow of the grievous tragedy the dawning of a new day, purity and peace and love triumphant over death. In the fellowship of Christ's disciples each one has his own place consecrated by the one spirit of love and trust, pledged to the one great ideal of service, happy even in the lowliest place to be in the Father's household. And for each one there is the special circle of friends, of those who have been and are the nearest in love, in the controlling power of high aims and pure affection. Is it a father's or a mother's love, or the tender appeal of a little child, who passed first into the unseen, or the equal companionship of brother or sister, the perfect confidence of friends, or even in the closest bond of all, the breaking of which seemed the utter desolation of life, but brought a holier communion still, or is it the inspiration of a revered teacher, an interpreter of the great and noble things of life, a revealer of its consecrated purpose? They all come, thronging the silence with familiar vision and beloved voices, and the heart knows its own. With God, in the knowledge of His love, we are held secure in that communion, and have each one our own secret companionship, for abiding strength and peace, uplifting and purifying, that we may be led into the more perfect life.

1906.

This gathering up into one beautiful image of spiritual fellowship all that is of real worth and dear to us in our human life has a peculiarly fitting place amid the thoughts which belong to the gladness of the Easter festival. We are now separated by many centuries from those days of strong spiritual excitement, through which the first disciples passed at the time of their Master's death, the great revulsion of joy and triumphant faith which at Easter we specially commemorate. For us it is a time of calmer retrospect, as afterwards it became to them, who through years of brave and patient service, proved the power of their faith, and found what calm and abiding joy there was in the thought of the fellowship of the saints. And yet there are in our life also moments when we realise with fresh vividness what those first days must have been to the disciples, when in our own personal experience we are led through something of the same darkness as gathered about the cross. Then we watch with them in the bitterness of their grief, amid broken hopes and the desolation of their loneliness. The silence

and the darkness overshadow us, and we also ask, Can it be that this is the end of all? Then comes the uprising from the deep springs of eternal life, the witness of the Spirit within to the surer faith in things unseen, the invincible conviction that it is *life*, and not death, which is victorious. So it comes that even in the shadow of the sorest bereavement heaven is very near in the holy quiet of that hour, and the presence of the Father, the Friend and Guardian of all living souls, is revealed. Such memories come to be interwoven with the substance of our deeper life, and through them we are able to enter more perfectly into the wider thoughts of joy and thankfulness which gather about our faith in the Unseen, and the great fellowship of the household of God.

Every year the return of Spring becomes a parable to us of the exhaustless fountain of life, of the steadfast purpose of good, and the unfailing love of the ETERNAL. We see once more uprising from the coldness and silence of winter the new commotion of gladness and eager life, the brighter, more genial days, the returning glory of the flowers, and the trees once more putting on their robe of beauty, the song of the birds thrilling with new joy. And this renewal becomes to us a parable of the eternal hope. As we renew once more our joy in the beautiful life of the earth, there comes into the heart the stirring of a deeper faith, and we remember the beauty of that heavenly life, in which here already we may have a part, but which reaches up into the Unseen, embracing all the multitudes of the children of God. We are no more strangers or sojourners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God. So the thought of Spring is blended with the special Easter thought, that it is life, and not death, to which we are called.

Then we rise out of the dulness of our unbelief, away from all base thoughts, which savour only of the perishable things of the earth. We see what are the things just and true, pure and lovely, which must be our life. We rise out of all despondency and littleness of thought and aspiration, and in the midst of the general gladness of new life, understand how it was with him, who had been long troubled with bitter questionings of unbelief, but then returning to a better mind, found how—

"Nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent.

* * * *

So variously seemed all things wrought
I marvelled how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought;

And wherefore rather I made choice
To commune with that barren voice,
Than him that said, Rejoice, rejoice!

OURS, TO MAKE THEM THINE.

THE able exposition of his doctrine of moral freedom which Mr. JACKS has been giving in these columns is concluded this week in the third article on "Hegelianism and Freedom," and with it has gone some trenchant criticism of what Mr. JACKS regards as the prevalent Unitarian attitude toward the questions involved. We have no wish to intervene in the controversy between him and Mr. Gow, but we are unwilling to let this third article appear without some expression of our entire dissent from the position Mr. JACKS has taken up. With much that is said this week as to the pharisaic attitude towards "the sinner," and the genuine humility and self-abasement of "the saint," we are in complete agreement, and do not find any discord between such a frame of mind and the doctrine of moral freedom and the obligation to be ever striving and aspiring towards the highest. What could be further from the spirit of self-righteousness than MARTINEAU's religion and the profound humility of his prayers? Yet to him the doctrine of the freedom of the will and the open alternative in the moral conflicts of life was essential. And that is what we still feel with entire conviction, in spite of all that Mr. JACKS has said.

If we were less innocent of Hegelian logic and psychology, perhaps we should, feel ourselves involved in the meshes of a hopeless confusion; but, as it is, we confess to having still our hold unrelaxed upon the reality of human personality, endowed, not only with self-consciousness, but with a sense of responsibility for self-direction and self-determination towards the nobler ends of life.

Mr. JACKS has not given us much help towards understanding his psychology, but there is one sentence in the second article which perhaps points towards what he actually means. "Given a group of causes then and there operating under the form of my will," he says, then a certain result must necessarily follow, and any talk of an open alternative is sheer nonsense. Of course, if that is all that will means, "a group of causes *operating under the form of my will*," the conclusion must be accepted. And at the beginning of the first article we were told that "the will which is willing nothing is itself nothing," and "Before I will there is no will, and therefore nothing to which the idea of freedom can be attached." But is the man himself nothing, we ask, who stands at attention, aware of a decision to be made, and of judgment first to be balanced? Is it a mere delusion that the responsibility of a solemn choice rests with him? If "the will" is nothing, surely *he*, in his own person, as a spiritual being, though in process of growth, is an abiding reality; he is a man with the capacity to will when

the time is come, and in willing, to exercise his own free choice. So he recognises the moral significance of conduct, and by self-directed energy determines the formation of his own character. We cannot recognise the human will as merely a form under which a passing group of causes operates; it is rather a spiritual capacity of the individual man, to be developed, indeed, in the great fellowship of humanity, and in communion with the Highest, but *his own*, a mark of his personal identity, and of the great trust of human life. Only the doctrine of free-will rightly interpreted answers, we are convinced, to the facts of life, in the profoundest moral experience of man, and any psychology which sets aside such a conviction as absurd appears to us self-condemned, a speculation alien to the real nature of things.

The doctrine of the freedom of the will, or of the man free to will, and bound to meet the obligations of moral choice for the progressive making of his life, does not involve in the least degree the taint of self-righteousness, nor is the true man, who has gained some victories of character, tempted to engage in the hateful process of self-approval. What he approves is the good and true, the pure and beautiful, to which he gives his whole-hearted love and loyalty, knowing that there is always more to be achieved. The higher he attains, the more is he bowed down in humility before the All-perfect; but he does attain, and it is the great joy of life to be filled more and more with the sense of its high calling, and with the knowledge and the love of God, from glory to glory.

The doctrine does not imply any division of men into two classes, the evil and the good, in such a sense that the latter could look down upon the others in that unlovely temper suggested by Mr. JACKS. The whole of life, from the lowest animal beginnings to the loftiest and purest fellowship of spirit, is a process of growth, and in moral judgment there must always be the question of degree, so that the self-righteous Pharisee is subject to a sterner condemnation than the hapless victim of slum-life and a blind craving for drink. There is a point in such life at which the question of moral judgment must be set aside, as with the insane, where a man is the hopeless slave of inborn passions and the overwhelming force of evil circumstance. Nevertheless the hope of his salvation must be in the quickening by some means of the germs of a higher endeavour, and the first elements of moral effort and self-control. If he is ever to be a man, and rise out of his hopeless misery and degradation, some power must be brought to bear upon him for the regeneration of his will.

We will not engage in that absurdity, which Mr. JACKS holds up to scorn, of simply telling the man that he might have chosen differently, and that he has the power now, all by himself. But we will go

to him (if we have the grace to care enough about our brother's life), and give him the hand of a friend. We will tell him in his misery of a greater Love and Pity, and kindle hope in the heart of his agony. We will stand by him, and be ready at the moments of worst temptation, to let him know that he has one friend, at least, who wants to help him to be a man. And this will be not from any affectation of superior virtue, but for the sake of brotherly love, to save the man, and help him on to the first step of the nobler ascent of life. We would not trouble him with any doctrine, and certainly would not talk to him about the "filthy rags" of all our righteousness, but simply help him to get a grasp of the purer and more beautiful things. Let him forget himself, as every true man forgets himself, in doing and loving the better things and trusting the love that helps, and then, by that all-conquering power of love, he will be made a new man.

We do not find that PAUL, and still less JESUS, thought of the true righteousness of the child of God as "filthy rags." If PAUL ever applied that vehement prophetic image to any righteousness, it must surely have been to that "which is of the law," not that which brought to him his great deliverance into the freedom of the Spirit and the glory of the new life, the righteousness which is through faith in CHRIST. But that new life, quickened in him through the love of CHRIST, was surely a life of moral ardour and willing service, pressing on "toward the goal, unto the prize of the high calling of GOD in CHRIST JESUS." That is how we best learn to overcome all the evil with good, in ourselves and in the world; the spirit of Christian love and trust and fellowship has brought the greatest impulse towards moral progress which the world has ever known. But in that progress each one has to do his own part, and that is the glory of life and its essential meaning; for by the grace of GOD he knows he has the power.

THEY who await no gifts from chance have conquered fate.—*Matthew Arnold.*

THERE is a drawback to the value of all statements of the doctrine; and I think that one abstains from writing or printing on the immortality of the soul, because, when he comes to the end of his statement, the hungry eyes that run through it will close disappointed; the listeners say, That is not here which we desire—and I shall be as much wronged by their hasty conclusions as they feel themselves wronged by my omissions. I mean that I am a better believer, and all serious souls are better believers, in the immortality than we can give grounds for. The real evidence is too subtle, or is higher than we can write down in propositions; and therefore Wordsworth's "Ode" is the best modern essay on the subject.—*Emerson.*

THE RISEN LIFE.

THEOLOGICALS have laid great stress on the resurrection. They have said gravely and earnestly: "Not to believe in the resurrection is not to believe in Christianity. Here is the foundation stone; take it away, and the whole structure falls."

Now in a sense which they never intended these teachers have been taken at their word. Men brought up in the orthodox churches have found themselves face to face with the fact that they did not, and could not, believe in the physical resurrection of Jesus. So strongly had it been driven in on them that that was Christianity that they felt in giving it up they were giving up Christianity itself. We ministers constantly meet men who tell us quite naively that they gave up Christianity when they ceased to believe in miracles. The new theology has been bitterly blamed for driving men out of the churches. It is rather the other way about. The deeper thought of our time is winning men back to the inwardness of religion that the obsolete teaching of the old theology had turned away. It is the old theology which is the stock-in-trade of the secularist and the freethinker. They are never tired of pointing out that Christianity means what the old theology says it means—the miraculous birth, and the miraculous resurrection of Jesus. When they have disproved these to their satisfaction they ask the question, "Now, where is your Christianity?"

But it is not in extravagances such as these that the soul of man can find its inspiration and its joy. Christianity is not built on an empty tomb. Those who defend it and those who deny it are both alike seeking the secret of Jesus where Jesus is not to be found. With a new significance we can say to them both, "He is not here; he is risen."

We may not create history, but it is in our own experience that the meaning of history becomes intelligible. Have we ever looked on the face of our dead and interpreted our own heart aright? Did we feel: "There he lies, the one I loved, there he is as I loved him, and now for ever more he is no longer mine"? No; whatever our feeling, it was not that. We found it difficult, most difficult to believe in death. It was not these marble features, not that icy chill, that was the light and gladness of days gone by. We look and look, but ever, over and above every other feeling towers the conviction, "He is not here; he is risen." And long after the loved form has passed out of our sight, there is a sense not of blankness nor emptiness, but of presence. The loneliness is not utter and complete. We open a book, but we do not read alone. We enter a room in which is no one, and we are visited by a companionship most real, though unseen. A new world is all about us and within. We are linked to a larger thought of life than we ever had before. The simplest, homeliest, every-day objects become sacramental; words, thoughts, experiences, that once meant nothing to us are now full of meaning. We are not haunted by the fear of death; we are invaded by a new sense of life which has widened our whole horizon. There is first that which is natural, the shock of physical change and separation; there is next that which is

spiritual, a new perception of inward nearness, a presence in the quiet places of the soul, by which we are consecrated and transfigured. The spiritual world is all about us, and the first time most of us realise it is when death enters our home. Then it is that for thousands and thousands it is not death which is the reality, but life in the spirit which death cannot touch.

Put yourself in the place of these first disciples; realise if you can what the death of Jesus meant to them. The crucifixion meant one only thing, and that was unmitigated horror and tragedy. What a down-come to every dear hope they had cherished! It was darkness and blackness and night. They were in a panic, and fled in fear. How the awful text in Deuteronomy must have sounded in their ears, "Cursed is every one who is hanged on a tree!" That Jesus should die so shameful a death meant for the disciples that their master had been proved a malefactor. Knowing Jesus as they did, how could they ever believe that? They simply could not. His power could not perish. His body might be crucified, but the spirit they knew and loved and felt could not die. And so when the first dismay had passed, Jesus came into their lives as a new and imperishable power—their Lord, not dead and buried, but risen and reigning! The myth did not create the experience; it was the reality of the experience which made possible the myth.

For Paul, Christ was a spiritual presence. To the question, "How are the dead raised? with what body do they come?" he answers, it is not a physical body which is raised from the dead. "It is sown a natural body, but it is raised a spiritual body. As we have borne the image of the earthly, so shall we bear the image of the heavenly. This I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." This is the strength and inspiration of his whole life and teaching; not that the physical body of Jesus rose out of the grave, but that Jesus had risen in him as a quickening power. "Christ liveth in me." "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Because of this risen life in him persecution and shipwreck were robbed of all their terrors—"For me to die is gain."

There is the real resurrection. The empty tomb, the body rising out of the grave—these only appeal to the vulgar appetite for physical marvel. Whatever they have been in the past, they are not now a help, but a very real hindrance to the perception of the spiritual reality of the resurrection. Well may we ask the creed-makers and the system-builders, "Where have you laid our Lord?" The more we look to find him in their ingenious schemes and manipulation of texts, the more we are convinced "he is not here; he is risen." It is that risen life which ever has been and still is the power of Christianity. It could not die; it could not be buried; it could not be put in a grave and closed over with the greatest stone. Roll the stone away, and we find as the disciples found, "he is not here; he is risen." The spirit that was in Jesus is still a living spirit. Still it calls men from the dead; still from his slumber the sleeper awakes

to find the new day before him and the new life within.

"He is not here; he is risen." Risen? Aye, but where? Up above the clouds, beyond the skies, out of us, away from us? Ah me! for multitudes that is all that the resurrection means this Easter morn. His worshippers have done for Jesus what his enemies could not do—they have buried him. What does it matter whether it be above the sky or below the earth, if he is buried? He is not here; and yet Jesus has not risen until he has risen here. That is the one solid, unmistakeable, invulnerable proof of the resurrection—has he risen here, here in me? Was the spirit that filled him the spirit that now fills and quickens me? Are our churches and cities, our businesses, and our newspapers enthralled by the one sole desire to do the will of God here on earth as it is done in heaven; are they prepared to make every sacrifice, even the sacrifice of life itself, that over and above everything else they shall seek first and foremost the kingdom of God? That is the one eternal proof of the risen Lord. The quoting or the misquoting of texts is a poor, shabby substitute for the risen life itself. The Easter that was is nothing to the Easter that yet shall be. When men and nations realise what Jesus meant when he said, "Ye are the children of God," when they dare to believe it and so dare to act upon it, then shall come an Easter when looking into each other's eyes they shall say as they have never been able to say before, "he is risen."

MATTHEW R. SCOTT.

EASTER OUT OF CHURCH.

NATURE begins her Easter festival long before the Church is ready for hers. In field and hedgerow and along the banks of streams the new life of spring is rising from the dead, while good orthodox Christians are still keeping Lent with mourning thoughts. Songs of triumphant joy resound through the woodlands and about our dwellings, while at "Matins" or "Evensong" hymns of penitence and prayers of contrition prevail in places where devout souls meet to worship God. And this, it would seem, is according to the due order of things: "First that which is natural, afterward that which is spiritual."

Nature has no sins to lament or linger over. The past, for her, leaves no sad memories; the present is charged only with life and hope, never with regret. She has slept through the winter days and nights, and now awakes to the beauty and joy of living, with no sick dreams of wrong to trouble the sunlit or the cloudy hours. Her winter was no "winter of discontent," only a rest after the exhaustion of summer fulness and autumn fruit-bearing. So her springtime demands no prelude of Lenten days; but Easter—the festival of the Resurrection—may come as soon and as swiftly as it please. Not, indeed, that it does come, in England often, with a sudden burst of life and gladness and song. Shyly, at first, in sheltered places and with hesitant step, Persephone walks the earth, holding

Demeter's hand, as if doubtful of this upper world, or fearing what may happen to the too early flowers. Then, growing more bold as daylight lengthens, the Goddess of Spring moves swiftly over the land, and where she passes life quickens and comes into form; at the touch of her hand buds break and leaves unfold; her breath is on the hawthorn hedge, and lo! it is green once more. Her smile plays low among the hazel roots, and lo! the celandine and primrose are in flower.

It is good to be alert to the first signs of spring—better still to be alive to the wealth and warmth of loveliness which her full resurrection brings. That exultant shout of the missel-thrush, heard in February, meant only that winter would not last for ever; but the soft sweet strain of the hedge-warbler, in March, was a sure message of spring; and in April the cheer of the chiffchaff from high beech boughs foretells the return of the migrants and all the music of bird life, in English woods, in May. That patch of gold on the railway bank, where the leafless coltsfoot blooms, was merely a promise or a sign of things not seen as yet. But when the stars of the wood anemone appear, the festival of Easter is upon us; before long the wild cherry will be in flower, and the bluebells will make some spaces on earth more rich in colour than the sky.

This early Resurrection of Nature is almost exclusively a revelation of loveliness; fertility and fruitfulness come later. Easter, in the open air, is a festival of beauty, a celebration of life renewing itself in grace of form and glow of colour and charm of song. It means abundance of fruitage, too, but that, for the most part, is reserved for summer and autumn. Spring is a dream of beauty. The plumage of birds is most perfect now; the tender green of the hawthorn hedge and the birch tree boughs and the warm glow of March marigolds, "in swamps and hollows grey," give delight to the eye such as the June rose and the August woodbine can hardly match. A grassy bank where the sunlight falls, a clump of moss at the roots of an old tree, a pair of blue tits fitting among the dark pines are wildly, extravagantly beautiful in the first April days. Tiny, inconspicuous bits of young plant life growing in out-of-the-way places, if you peer closely into them, will startle and amaze you with their obscure loveliness. There is a flower which grows at the edge of an ancient Surrey wood, so small, so modest in colour that not even the children often notice it. The botanists have named it *Adoxa* ("without glory," "inglorious"); it is entirely green in colour, except for a few little specks of yellow where the stamens show. Yet look into it, at close range, and that lowly, unpretentious plant displays a group of five florets, each exquisitely fashioned, and so arranged as to form a kind of *cube*—a most rare, unusual thing in flower structure—a wonder of delicate workmanship, not at all inglorious! There is a bird which builds only in marshy places, its nest hidden among the reeds, secure from common notice—the bearded tit. It is seldom seen by human eyes, but is dressed in loveliest colours—bluish grey, yellow, orange brown and red, with outer feathers

black and white. A lady has recently explored its haunts, studied its habits and doings with infinite patience, and her photographs of bird and nest and eggs are a revelation of wonder and delight.

Who beholds these things when we do not? What spirit of beauty creates these forms and colours, and rejoices in them through the glad spring days? It is not possible to conceive them lost to sight and conscious joy, when man perceives them not. No poet now can sing of any flower as "born to blush unseen," or "waste its sweetness on the desert air"! There is no waste in anything, and surely least of all in beauty! And this Easter festival of Nature; so largely one of beauty, is a sure sign to us that the Power made manifest there delights in things so admirable.

And this may show us how to keep our Easter and may cheer us to hope that man shall one day know a resurrection into life not less fair than that of Nature. Not always shall he be the destroyer of beauty, the creator of ugliness. Not for ever shall he be content to build his towns, careless of their form and plan, so only they serve his purpose of "utility." His huge ungainly mansions, his dreary suburbs, his hideous slums, his smoky factories, his blatant, brawling advertisements—these are not the climax of his busy talent upon earth. He shall arise from this dark grave of sordid ugliness to rejoice in a life made beautiful as the expression of his nobler self.

For, after all, the significance of a world wherein Life prevails is *expression*—the manifestation of invisible energy in form and structure. Life is dynamic and creates for itself a body according to its nature and spirit. What we are within becomes obvious there, in our visible frame and in the works of our shaping hands. What Nature is we know, in part, from these grasses and flowers at our feet, these woods and hills, these birds that build and sing. What man is to-day we know, in part, from his cities, his eager life within them, his inventions, and the purposes to which he bends his craftsmanship and his contriving skill. But his finer self has yet to find expression. And he will not be content till he has matched this loveliness around him with works as fitting and as fair as those of Nature, whose child he is. Utility will yet prove itself to be one with beauty. He will arise from this noisome and unsightly tomb to find delight in a world of his own not less fair than that in which the "flowers of the field" and the "birds of the air" rejoice. The Christian Church was at least an attempt to embody the mind of One who bade us "consider" these flowers and "behold" these birds. And at Easter-time we recall the name of Him who died and, in the spirit, rose again to waken the nobler self in humanity, so long ago. It is "the grace—the beauty—of the Lord Jesus Christ" that we affect to love and esteem. Surely the charm of that divine, yet human, personality, which the ages have not dimmed, will yet be felt, and the meaning of his words, "Consider the lilies of the field, *how they grow*," will be understood, and we—though unlike them, we must "toil" and "spin"—shall know the secret of making our life beautiful and glad like theirs.

W. J. JUPP.

CLAY AND FIRE.

HUMAN thought, pendulum-wise, is always swinging between the two extremes of pessimism and optimism, and few are they whose minds are so perfectly balanced that they can perceive brightness and darkness at the same time. Either the world is all beauty and sunshine, and progress the most certain fact of existence, or the universe is shrouded in the gloom of a malign fatality, and incipient corruption is at the heart of the loveliest flower that blows. Obviously the attitude of mind in each case is abnormal—though one hesitates before applying a word which is fraught with sinister meanings to that enthusiasm of temperament which helps to keep men ardent and hopeful. But excess in any direction is alien to truth, and nature herself shows no mercy to those who will not accept her admixture of "earthly clay and heavenly fire." If we soar into cloudland with Shelley, feeding the soul on "star-beams" and prismatic vapour, reality will ruthlessly take us by the heel, and drag us down to the earth we have despised. On the other hand, the melancholy of a Byron will serve our purpose no better; for life seems to take a delight in teasing the mournful with the sunlight they would fain abjure, even when the meadows are gilded with buttercups.

Human nature, however, delights in vivid contrasts, and it is perhaps a sign of our immaturity as thinking beings that we have not yet advanced very far beyond the stage of mental progress characterised by a love of the sensational. The orthodox churches foster and encourage this feeling with their alternate fasts and feast-days; and healthy-minded folk, who refuse to be either morbidly oppressed by a sense of sin during Lent, or hysterically elated with joy at Easter, are regarded by them with a disfavour that is often pathetic. And all the time our great mother continues her work, regardless of the Saint's Calendar, weaving the garment of the months, and making none of those sharp divisions between the seasons which mankind so greatly delights in.

Easter, it is true, is a festival which ought to be welcomed by people of all shades of theological and non-theological opinion; but only as a reminder, which we shall need less and less as we come more fully to realise that every day is a rising from the dead, of the creative joy which underlies all forms of life. The great teacher whose "glorious resurrection," as it is called, is celebrated with such ornate ritual throughout Christendom at this time, regarded, we know, with repugnance, the pedantry of the narrow religious spirit which delights in a sectional kind of devotion. For him, each loving impulse was an act of worship, each thrill of gladness which the sight of a wild-flower can impart, a sacrament; and if there is one thing more than another that will keep his influence alive when the old dogmas associated with his name are forgotten, it is the flexibility and breadth of mind which informed alike his simplest and most paradoxical sayings, and impressed his hearers with a sense of the divinity shaping human ends which can

never be restricted within the limits of creed or rubric.

Easter is always with us really, for there is not a day in the year—not even when the cold winds of December are scourging a leafless world—when the "goddess of light" is absent from earth, or when the processes of birth and renewal are arrested. The "clay" may be cold and shapeless—trodden mire in the pathway of winter; but "fire" is at its core, and the glory of the crocus is already being prepared in the dry bulb, which shows such faint signs of life or colour. This is the perpetual miracle, that from apparent death the "vita nuova" is being continually evolved, even while black-robed choristers are intoning penitential psalms, and ascetics are mortifying the flesh in churches and convents. Nature cannot wait until the "forty days" are over; she exhibits such reckless impatience to adorn herself! And yet she never lets one forget the seriousness of her inevitable laws by which darkness and light are blended together to produce each lovely thing. With her March snowdrops we have the cutting east wind; April, for all her witchery, has passionate tears to shed; and that peace which men are always desiring is unknown to the patient worker who creates the world anew day by day.

George Meredith—in that bracing tone which seems so brutal to the sentimentalist—speaks of her as the "Mother of simple truth, Relentless quencher of lies," and reads into her manifestations no "opiate boon," so dear to man in his weakness, but a stern lesson of endurance, obedience, and unremitting toil, which we can only disregard at our soul's peril.

It would indeed be well for us if we dwelt oftener on this aspect of life—even at the risk of clouding the ecstasy which intoxicates the world in Spring!—while the problems of our age and race are becoming more and more complex, and only the luxurious and unthinking dare sit with folded hands. After all, we need not strive to emphasise the joy of life for the next few months; the danger is rather lest we should forget that pain and poverty are not obliterated by the flower-filled hands of Primavera. From hour to hour the fields will put on more beauty as the spring advances, the sky will deepen its lovely blue, the hedges will veil themselves with white thorn—and cheerfulness will come as naturally to the healthy-minded as breathing. Light hearts sing in April, without being taught—

"God's in His heaven,

All's right with the world."

but happiness is not so cheaply bought by those who have seen how hardly beauty is born in "the City of the smoky fray." It is only possible to say "All's right with the world" if you can, at the same time, adopt the language of the Christian Scientist, and confidently declare that evil does not exist.

To remind oneself, at a time when the flame of the daffodil burns before a thousand altars, and when strains of jubilation are ringing from one end of the land to the other, of such gruesome realities as sinning and suffering, seems almost in bad taste! But we shall never

have done with the "tortures of thought in the throes, our animal tangle," until we are strong enough to face facts at all seasons; and Nature, it must be remembered, is not merely an artist who paints pretty "bits" to delight the eyes of her children. She is the slayer as well as the creator, and while mankind permits the welter of modern life to go on, with its hideous stress of competition, its alienation of the rich from the poor, its banal pleasures, and its cruel injustices, she will ruthlessly take her part in the destruction of the race, for all her hand is so tender with the bluebell in the coppice.

It is the way of some to throw themselves on their faith when this truth is brought home to them, murmuring some platitude about "the ways of God," which, they will tell you, are too "mysterious" for us to understand. To others, however, it seems that if you talk less about "the ways of God" and more about the ways of the individual, you avoid much hypocrisy, and also do away with a good deal of "mystery!" That the great secrets of life and the universe are all revealed, none but the most ignorant would dare to assert; but the blots on our civilisation are undoubtedly due to the blunders, to the stupidity, and to the selfishness of man. To his imperfect knowledge also, let us add, for the sake of those sensitive souls who are only too deeply stirred already by "the unimaginable woe" of the human race! But we cannot now plead, as we might once have done, that half the world is kept in the dark as to the doings of the other half. Our modern press is like a flaring torch which throws its lurid light on every phase of existence, and if anyone pretends that he knows nothing of the evils which spoil the peace of mind even of the most selfish he is simply trying to persuade his neighbours that he goes about with his eyes shut.

Clay and fire—the earthly root, and then the ethereal flower—this is the parable that Easter sets forth; and if one cannot forget, in the glory of the blossoms heaped about us, that human life is sadly lacking in the healthfulness and sanity, in the beauty and purity, which these symbolise, let it not be imputed to us for pessimism. Love and truth show their divine faces even where we might least have expected to find them; but it is with a passionate longing to make their message more greatly prevail that one is constrained, at times, to infuse a little soberness into the shallow optimism of the unreflective.

LAURA ACKROYD,

I know against all appearances that the universe can receive no detriment; that there is a remedy for every wrong and a satisfaction for every soul. Here is this wonderful thought. But whence came it? Who put it in the mind? It was not I, it was not you: it is elemental—belongs to thought and virtue; and, whenever we have either, we see the beams of this light. When the Master of the universe has points to carry in his government, he impresses his will in the structure of minds.—*Emerson.*

ULSTER UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting was held in the Central Hall, Belfast, on Monday evening, April 6, Mr. GEORGE G. WARD in the chair.

The Rev. J. A. KELLY read the thirty-second annual report, which stated that the work had been well maintained, but there was a need of an increased membership roll. Mr. H. B. HUNTER presented the accounts.

The CHAIRMAN in moving the adoption of the report said that for the past six or seven years the membership had averaged from 250 to 260, though in earlier years it had been over 400; and they must do something to secure a larger income. The congregational collections, especially from country congregations, were not what they should be.

Mr. JOHN ROGERS, who seconded, said they should do their best to spread their views and opinions, and enforced the chairman's appeal for more support.

The Rev. J. A. KELLY, supporting the resolution, said they were losing Mr. Hunter's services as treasurer, but were fortunate in having secured Mr. C. J. McKisack to take up the work.

The Rev. Dr. DRUMMOND (who, during his son's absence had been preaching for some weeks at All Souls' Church) also supported the resolution, and dwelt upon the general principles held by Unitarians. It was sometimes said that theirs was a negative system, but he held, on the contrary, that they had positive affirmations which ought to lead to a higher and nobler form of religious life. First of these was their affirmation of the Divine Fatherhood. As to their doctrine of Jesus Christ, they were accused of reducing him to the level of an ordinary man; but their endeavour, on the contrary, was to raise mankind as near as possible to his level. Their religion was a deep, vital faith, based on profound experiences of life. If their Society could do something in this moving, restless, and even sceptical age to impress those vital truths into men's minds they would be able to meet their difficulties. Regarding their congregations, they wished not only to spread the light around them, but they desired also that in their own circle they might prosper. He hoped every effort would be made towards that end.

The report having been adopted, the Rev. H. J. ROSSINGTON was thanked for his special sermons on behalf of the Association, and a resolution of renewed adhesion to its principles and objects was passed, on the motion of the Rev. W. NAPIER, seconded by the Rev. T. DUNKERLEY. After a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, the meeting closed with the Benediction, pronounced by Dr. DRUMMOND.

RELIGION AND LABOUR.

MR. F. MADDISON, M.P., gave an address last Sunday evening in Upper Chapel, Sheffield, on "Religion and Labour," which was well reported in Monday's *Sheffield Telegraph*. By labour, Mr. Maddison said, he meant the movement which desired better external conditions—social reform—so that people might be able to live the fullest lives, physically, mentally, and spiritually. He thought

religion helped people to do this. Its supreme value consisted in the momentous fact that it was the one great personal force in the universe.

Materialism was really salvation by environment. No intelligent man would attempt to deny the importance of environment. It was the duty of the church to be kindly, friendly, sympathetic to all well-thought-out attempts by which the conditions in which men lived and moved might be so improved and ordered that the human faculties should have the best opportunities to develop themselves in the right direction. The church had lived up to this duty in some degree, but not to the extent that one would wish. Religion must never be partial in its denunciation of bad environment. It must take account, for instance, of low wages, and housing.

But religion would not stop at external conditions. While not denying the effect of those conditions, it would not ignore that part of the problem which rested with the man himself. It would attack the drink evil—not merely as it must be attacked by Parliament, from the outside, but in the man himself. It would bring him into contact with the agencies of the Holy Spirit, that, by the influences of religion, he might be able to exterminate that which had cursed him.

It was a gospel of despair which told men only of the depressing effects of bad environment, and it was a betrayal of the best hopes of humanity to teach them that there was any environment, however bad, that could not be overcome by men and women themselves. It was the supremacy of man over his environment, said Mr. Maddison, that was, to his mind, the great hope of all social reformers. The fact was that the environment that took the most subduing was ourselves, and religion was always hovering round that environment. The message of religion, he said in conclusion, must be concerned not so much with death as with life.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

Blackburn.—On Sunday, April 5, Sunday-school anniversary services were conducted by the Rev. T. P. Spedding, missionary agent of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. In the afternoon he delivered an address to scholars, parents, and friends, and emphasised the importance of Sunday-school work in view of the adoption of a secular system of education by the State in the future, more or less near. A tendency on the part of the churches to minister the personal vanity and peculiar opinion in congregations required to be steadfastly guarded against. He pleaded for perseverance for those who had taken up the work of guiding the youth to enlightenment. In the evening Mr. Spedding dealt with religion as an interpretation of life, pointing out the importance of a liberal and progressive religion. The collections amounted to over £2 15s.

Crumlin: Co. Antrim (Resignation).—The Rev. W. A. Weatherall has resigned his charge here in order to take up duties at Nantwich on Aug. 1.

Ilford.—There was a good attendance at the quarterly meeting, and Mr. E. R. Fyson, chairman and hon. treasurer, who presided, briefly reviewed the work of the quarter, and spoke hopefully of the prospects of the cause. The hon. sec. (Mr. Welford) presented the attendance returns, which were appreciably better than those of the corresponding period last year. The treasurer's report showed a balance in hand of over £7 upon the proceedings of the quarter, and there were no debts owing. The sum of five guineas was transferred to the

building fund. The following donations, also, have recently been added to the building fund: £20 from Mr. Stanton Preston (per Mr. J. G. Foster); £5, Mr. Chatfield Clarke; £15, Miss Emily Sharpe. Plans have been prepared for the new church, and prices are being obtained for the first section of the building. Mr. Laws was congratulated upon the success of his labours as local treasurer to the B. and F. U. A.; and gratification was expressed at the decision to send the Unitarian van to Ilford again this summer. A letter from the Rev. T. P. Spedding, since received, fixes the date of the van's visit for May 28 to June 3 inclusive. On Saturday evening last, a successful concert, arranged by Mr. W. H. B. Eastwood, with Mr. Claude Hamilton as musical director, was given in the Central Hall, in aid of the building fund, about 250 persons being present.

London: Stratford.—The annual services were held on Sunday, April 5, conducted in the morning by the Rev. T. E. M. Edwards and in the evening by Mr. Delta Evans, who took as his subject "The Book of Life." Collections were taken on behalf of the London and South Eastern Counties Provincial Assembly. The annual meeting of the congregation and friends was held on the following Wednesday. The chair was taken by the Rev. F. H. Jones (President of the Assembly), who was supported by the Revs. T. E. M. Edwards and F. Allen (the minister and secretary respectively of the Assembly) and the Revs. H. Woods Perris and W. H. Rose. Between eighty and ninety persons were present at the meeting, including several friends from Forest Gate and Walthamstow. The committee's report showed that the church was practically in the same position as last year. During the year, through the kindness of friends, the outside of the buildings had been thoroughly cleaned and painted, and the windows of the church had been reglazed with semi-opaque glass. The Young People's Guild had again had a successful year, with the Rev. W. H. Rose as superintendent. Great regret was expressed at the impending retirement of the Rev. T. E. M. Edwards, and hearty acknowledgment was given to him and to the Rev. W. H. Rose for the valuable help they had rendered to the church. Later in the evening a case of cutlery and plate, together with an autograph album, was presented to Mr. Edwards by Mr. G. B. Shute on behalf of nearly 80 subscribers connected with the church, as a token of appreciation of valued services. The report referred to the future of the church, and to the urgency of the need of some one with time and opportunity to concentrate and use to advantage the latent powers which undoubtedly existed in connection with the church. Encouraging and helpful speeches were subsequently delivered by the Revs. F. H. Jones, H. Woods Perris, W. H. Rose, F. Allen, and T. E. M. Edwards. A resolution approving of the Government Licensing Bill was submitted to the meeting and carried unanimously.

North-East Lancashire Sunday School Union.—The fifth annual musical festival was held on Saturday, April 4, in the Municipal Hall, Colne. The Unitarian Sunday-schools at Accrington, Blackburn, Burnley, Burnley-lane, Colne, Nelson, Newchurch, Padiham, Rawtenstall, and Todmorden, were all well represented, very large parties coming from Burnley and Padiham. It was estimated that there were about 500 present in addition to the choir and orchestra, which numbered 100. The festival began at 3 o'clock with the singing of Oliver Wendell Holmes' fine hymn, "Lord of all being throned afar." After Scripture reading (Psalm cl.) and prayer by the Rev. H. Warnock (Colne), the programme of sacred music was gone through. The choruses and anthems were exceedingly well rendered by the choir, while the singing of the hymns by the large audience was particularly impressive. About half-way through the programme the Rev. A. W. Fox, of Todmorden, gave an earnest and impressive address on "Music and Religion. Mr. Thos. Marsden, of Padiham, conducted. The festival concluded at 5 o'clock with the Lord's Prayer and Benediction. A collection was taken to defray expenses. Other ministers present, in addition to those named, were the Revs. J. S. Brown (Newchurch), D. R. Davies (Rawtenstall), J. E. Jenkins (Padiham), and J. I. Jones (Accrington). From five to seven tea was served to the large company, and in the evening a further programme of glees, solos, recitations, &c., was given, Mr. Warnock again presiding. A cordial vote of

thanks to the Colne friends was passed on the motion of Mr. J. S. Mackie, of Burnley, treasurer of the Union. The festival was the most successful in point of numbers and enthusiasm yet held.

Yorkshire Unitarian Club.—On Saturday afternoon, April 4, at Broadway Avenue Church, Bradford, the Rev. H. D. Roberts, of Liverpool (Lecturer for the National Conference Union for Social Service), gave an address on "Sweating and Suggested Remedies," Mr. John Hargreaves (vice-president of the Club) in the chair. Women's labour (the lecturer said) is the weakest link in the industrial chain—the weak spot in our industrial system. He thought "The Sweated Industries Bill" would pass during this Session; it would be a tremendous lever for human betterment, and there would be great possibilities for useful work opened out to voluntary agencies under the Bill. Any organization or social problem circle, of six persons, could form a union for the trade required, in any district. He told of what the Social Problems Circle connected with his own church was doing towards educating public opinion; and, in conclusion, said it was proposed to license the houses of outworkers, and also that a white list should be issued of those places of business where, so far as could be known, decent conditions of work and pay obtained. Mr. F. G. Jackson opened the discussion, and suggested, among other things, that the proposals of the present Government, as to the taxation of land values and licensing reform, would be steps towards remedy. Other speakers urged, as "suggested remedies," co-operative trading, education, enforcement of present Factory Acts, &c. The committee elected the following as hon. members:—Revs. A. Chalmers, W. H. Eastlake, J. Ruddle, W. H. Lambelle, W. L. Schroeder, and E. Thackray. The annual excursion will be to Pateley Bridge, on Saturday afternoon, June 27 next.

OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

SUNDAY, April 19.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11 and 7, Rev. ARTHUR HURN.
Bermundsey, Fort-road, 7, Rev. JESSE HIPPERSON.
Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.
Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. J. JUPP.
Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.
Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11, Rev. R. N. CROSS, M.A.; 6.30, Rev. R. P. FARLEY, B.A.
Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. WOODS PERRIS.
Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.
Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. H. GOW, B.A.
Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
Ilford, Assembly Rooms, Broadway, 7, Mr. R. W. PETTINGER.
Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAYELL HICKS, M.A.
Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11.15 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.
Little Portland-street Chapel, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Mr. STANLEY A. MELLOR, B.A.
Peckham, Avondale-road, 11, Rev. J. HIPPERSON; 6.30, Mr. E. W. SMITH.
Plumstead, Common-road Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.
Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. FELIX TAYLOR, B.A.
Stepney Green, College Chapel, 11, Mr. W. R. MARSHALL; 7, Mr. H. G. CHANCELLOR.

Stoke Newington Green, 11.15, Mr. Edward CAPLETON; and 7.
Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. G. WOOLLARD; 6.30, Mr. D. DELTA EVANS.
Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TABRANT, B.A.
Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 11 and 7, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.
Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.

ABERYSTWTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Mr. D. ROBERTSON DAVIES.
BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. McDOWELL.
BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.
BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. C. COE.
BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.
CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars, 10.50, Rev. J. H. SMITH.
CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER, B.A.
DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. G. H. VANCE, B.D.
GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.
HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MAETEN.
LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. HARGROVE, M.A.
LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. E. PIKE.
LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES CRADDOCK.
LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton Park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.
NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. LARRY.
NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. M. LIVES.
OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. L. P. JACKS, M.A.
PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. JAMES BURTON, M.A.
PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 11 and 6.45, Mr. T. BOND.
SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. OTTWEIL BINNS.
SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.
SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.
SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. MATTHEW R. SCOTT.
TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Mechanics' Institute, Dudley-road, 11 and 6.30.
WEST KIRBY, Tynwald Hall, opposite Station, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welckerstrasse. 11, Rev. GARDNER PRESTON.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

DEATHS.

BROADBENT.—On March 27, at Castleton, Lancashire, Rose Elder Broadbent, wife of John Broadbent, and eldest daughter of the late Rev. William Bennett, of Heywood, in her 38th year.

TAYLOR.—On April 11, at 16, Eaton-place, Brighton, Clementia, widow of Peter Alfred Taylor, formerly M.P. for Leicester, in her 98th year.

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Registered Clubs are not Houses for Public Drinking.

Resolution unanimously adopted by the Council at its meeting on Saturday, March 7th, 1908.

This Council recalls the resolution adopted by the Annual Meeting of the Union on 25th July, 1875, Lord Rosebery presiding, which was as follows:—

"That Working Men's Clubs and Institutes are calculated not only to diminish excess in the use of intoxicating liquors, but also to promote self culture and the growth of a healthy public spirit among the mass of people."

Moved by the Right Hon. Lord Frederick Cavendish, M.P. (Liberal).

Seconded by Sir Harcourt Johnstone Bart., M.P. (Conservative).

Supported by Alexander Macdonald, M.P. (Labour).

The Council affirms anew its belief in this resolution, and declares that the experience of the past years, as in the year 1907, demonstrates that the establishment of workmen's clubs has actually and statistically reduced drunkenness and promoted temperance; and that temperance shows a decline as such Clubs show an advance.

It declares that the growth of such Clubs is a progressive and continuous growth which has been noteworthy for the past 20 years, and that the reason of such a growth is fairly explained in the Minority Report of the Licensing Commission (Lord Peel) which said:—

"The real truth is that the extension of the franchise, the spread of education and a general improvement of conditions among the working classes have had a great effect in promoting Clubs. Besides these, political influences have been at work."

The Council of the Union, therefore, declares as beyond dispute that the growth of workmen's clubs is due to natural and commendable causes, and has no relation whatever to the extinguishing of the licences of public houses.

It declares that the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the contrary (given as the basis of his legislative proposals) is incapable of proof, and will be demonstrated to be untrue if the facts be made known. Such publication of the facts being in his power, is therefore demanded.

It declares further, that the statement also made by the Chancellor that such Clubs as are said to have arisen on the ashes of extinguished licences "are tied to the same brewer as controlled the extinguished public house," is negatived by Section 28 (h) of the Licensing Act, 1902, which renders such a Club an illegal institution capable of immediate removal from the Register of Clubs, and impossible of continued existence.

The Council declares that the Licensing Act of 1902, in the construction and passage of which it gave active support, is amply sufficient to remove from the register any undesirable club.

Considering the new proposals of the Bill, the Council notes that the practical effect will be to remove all clubs from the control of the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction as provided in Lord Ritchie's Act of 1902, and to completely subjugate them to the control of the Licensing Justices.

As to these proposals, the Council says:—

1. That whilst adopting no attitude but of friendliness and support to any legislation designed to secure increased temperance, it expresses its complete hostility to any proposal placing the liberties and actual existence of a club (which may represent the life-work of two generations of hundreds or thousands of the best workmen of the country) at the mercy of a bench of irresponsible Justices, who may be untrained, or financially, or politically, or prejudicially (by reason of private interests) opposed to the objects of the club.

2. That the increase in the penalty for a first offence (i.e., an offence in the eyes of the Justices) of five years' removal from the register, so far exceeds the measure of any possible offence as to be unworthy of serious consideration by any representative assembly. The high repute, the patient work and savings of years, may thus be destroyed by the political enemies of those who built up the club.

In this respect the Council notes the allegation of the political preponderancy of the Magisterial Benches complained of by the supporters of the present Government.

3. The proposal for police entry is aimed at workmen's clubs alone. The Council declines to discuss the entry by police into Clubs of the wealthy or the "Town and Country" Clubs of the magistracy, as unthinkable, and the pretence of equality in this respect an unworthy farce.

4. The supply of drink for consumption off the premises. The Act of 1902 limits such supply "to the member whilst on the Club premises." The Council of the Union does not favour such supply in any case. The present proposals prohibit any small quantities to be so supplied, but permit any large quantity. Thus, a pint of beer, or half a pint of brandy, is prohibited, whilst 4½ gallons of beer or two gallons of whiskey is allowed. Thus whilst the present rights of poor men or moderate drinkers are curtailed, a special privilege is conceded to rich men or "topers."

After due consideration, therefore, of such proposals, the Council has no hesitation, or from the point of view of real temperance or the continuation of Club life, no alternative but to call upon its Clubs to organise the most active possible opposition to these proposals:

STEPHEN S. TAYLER,
President of the Union.

Schools, etc.

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